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"The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life"

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EDITORIAL

A MUSICIAN, it has often been said, is the most favoured of all people, since his work is at the same time his chief pleasure. Yet against this opinion must be placed the less comforting one that there are more "disappointed men" among those who make music their livelihood than among members of any other profession.

A certain bewildered dismay there must be for any young student, who, on entering an institution like our own, discovers that the light of his own little star, which shone so brilliantly in the wide open spaces of the provinces, pales into insignificance beside that of the galaxy constantly about him in the metropolis. But a good deal of permanent disappointment could and should be avoided by an attempt—not too long delayed either—to remove the rose-coloured spectacles of ambition for a moment or two, and see the situation as it really is.

Nothing could be more helpful for any young person forced, after relentless self-examination, to think again about the future, than a visit to the College library, where there is now to be found a recent publication of William Earl and Company, Ltd., entitled "A Career in Music." The wise editor, Robert Elkin, has not only included chapters on the more glamorous ways of pursuing a musical career, such as those of the solo instrumentalist, the solo singer, the composer and the conductor (by such well-known musicians as Harriet Cohen, George Baker, Norman Demuth, and Julius Harrison), but also on the somewhat less spectacular, though scarcely less artistically rewarding, opportunities which offer themselves to the right-minded orchestral player, the accompanist, the music teacher, the organist and choirmaster, the instrument manufacturer, the publisher, the dealer, and that newest of all comers to the scene, the organiser and administrator. In his preface Mr. Elkin also touches briefly on the comparatively fewer openings that exist in music criticism and competition festival adjudication—it was a pity he could not also find space for one additional paragraph on Extra-Mural and W.E.A. lecturing, for this is an inadequately known but ever expanding and constantly stimulating field of activity, badly in need of recruits.

Each of the twelve main chapters is packed with useful, practical information, such as how and where to train (how many people know that instrument manufacture and such processes as toning and tuning can be studied in a special three-year course at the Northern Polytechnic, Holloway?), what technical qualifications are required, what protective societies (such as the I.S.M.) should be joined, and what emoluments can be expected—and here Mr. George Baker is wise enough to show how British railways, agents, hotel-keepers, taxi-drivers, and porters conspire to reduce a £21 contract to the value of £14 0s. 6d.

But there are things of still greater value to be learned from the book. For the favoured few whose talents sufficiently justify the choice of a soloist's career, whether as performer, conductor or composer, there is a warning—a warning against travelling too quickly. As Harriet Cohen succinctly puts it, "Nowadays the promising young artist starts broadcasting soon after leaving College, and there doesn't seem to be the same difficult uphill climb, with many an artist living in dire poverty, as in the old days. Perhaps that is another reason why the majority of artists don't play so well as their predecessors. Everything is made too easy for them and many never learn the great lessons distilled from suffering, endurance and experience."

And for the rest—the big majority—there is true encouragement. No longer, after reading Gerald Moore on accompanying, is it possible to regard this pursuit as one for the unsuccessful solo pianist: to the question "when are you going to be a soloist?" he has the ready reply, "why should I thus restrict myself?" J. Raymond Tobin shows how Shaw's famous dictum, "Those who can, do, those who can't, teach" has no meaning when teaching is a vocation; Thomas Russell, speaking from experience, describes how the comradeship and sense of collective achievement of the orchestral player can give "something more than the lonely glory of the soloist"; John Denison, once a distinguished horn player, now an equally happily placed administrator, points the moral that "the possible sacrifice of glamour is more than compensated by the opportunity to serve others in the art of music"; and in a penetrating contribution, Stainton de B. Taylor explains why, in spite of inadequate financial returns, few organists in the twilight of their days would choose a different career if offered their lives over again. In fact it is the merit of these last chapters that they show how the humblest pursuit can resolve itself into a rewarding adventure, and why, to make use of Gerald Moore's concluding quotation from St. Francis de Sales, "the greatest saint is not the man who does extraordinary things, but the man who does ordinary things extraordinarily well."

DIRECTOR'S ADDRESS

JANUARY, 1951

WE are meeting on New Year's Day, when we wish all our friends good fortune, and I hope our whole Royal College community, both those who are here now and the many more that have been here in the past, will have happy and busy days throughout the year. We are also enjoined at this time to make good resolutions, such as "Count your bars," "Shut the piano when you've done with it," "Don't jump on to a six-four chord," and so forth. I hope you will each adopt a motto suited to your particular weakness, and attend to it consistently.

To-day is also the beginning of a new half-century. A few months ago I told you something of the College when I first came to it in 1900. I will not pursue that subject again. But I think it would not be amiss to recall a few of the landmarks in our native musical progress through this past half-century. In 1901 Elgar was 44, Delius 37, Vaughan Williams 29, Gustav Holst 27, John Ireland 22 and Arnold Bax 18. Think how those six men have enriched our musical lives during these fifty years. Elgar had already written "Gerontius," but not "The Kingdom" or "The Apostles," and his symphonies were yet to come, the first in 1908. Delius produced his "Mass of Life" in 1905, "Romeo and Juliet" in 1907, "Brigg Fair" in 1908. Vaughan Williams was still feeling his way towards his own personal idioms, for he developed late and was over thirty before the Tallis Fantasia and the Sea Symphony first established his rank. Holst's "Rig Veda" Hymns date from 1908 to 1912. "The Planets" came in 1915, the "Hymn of Jesus" in 1917. Ireland and Bax were promising youngsters, each with something distinctive to say, which was to grow into a whole succession of distinguished works. Rutland Boughton, one year older than Ireland, must also be remembered for his special contributions to Opera, then a field into which English musicians had rarely ventured.

Leopold Stokowsky, who went to America and launched a new and astonishing standard of orchestral playing with his Philadelphia orchestra, was here at the College with me, and so was Harold Samuel, who virtually inaugurated an immense Bach repertoire on the piano. Soon followed Adrian Boult, who beyond anyone else devoted himself to the interpretation of what our orchestral composers were creating. Then came Eugene Goossens, Arthur Bliss, Armstrong Gibbs, Jack Moeran, Herbert Howells, Gordon Jacob and Arthur Benjamin. These are some of the more creative names.

Rubbra, Walton, Lambert, Rawsthorne and Britten are their successors. Beginning with Vaughan Williams, most of these men were closely connected with this College. Nor should we forget the scores of distinguished singers and players, the teachers, the University professors, and those who have directed and promoted music in countless other ways. I think we may justly claim to have played our part in the musical expansion of our century. And I am sure no other country can show a better record.

The musical public has grown enormously too. Henry Wood's Promenade Concerts created a new and enlightened audience. Malcolm Sargent has carried our music all over the world, and broadcasting has since recruited a yet wider class of intelligent listeners. There has never been in our history a time when music was so universally accepted as one of the essential features of a civilization. And the number of still younger composers, conductors and executants, who have come from this College alone, is a sufficient tribute both to our own vitality as an institution and to the public demand for our work. The second half of this

century will have to be astonishingly fertile if it is to equal the record of the past fifty years.

And there is yet another reason why 1951 is a memorable year. It is the centenary of the Great Exhibition of 1851. There were exhibitions before 1851, and many more since. But the exhibition of that year in London so impressed the world that it has a place of its own in history. It is this centenary which has suggested and is to be fulfilled by the Festival of Britain this year.

This Royal College of ours is curiously linked with the Great Exhibition of 1851, and it may interest you to know how. The man who conceived that exhibition and was the inspiration and driving force behind it was Queen Victoria's husband, the Prince Consort Albert. His was a very remarkable personality, with wide knowledge and skill in many directions. Among many other gifts, he was an accomplished musician, even a composer, in a modest but quite competent way. His exhibition plan was astonishing in its grandeur, both as an event in itself and as a vision of the future. So broad and far-seeing were his ideas that, as so often happens, they were too much for the timid government of his day. The exhibition itself was a resounding success, the exhibits were unparalleled in range and quality, visitors averaged 40,000 a day, and there was a large balance of profit at the end.

But his dream of the future was spoiled. At that time the district south of Hyde Park and Kensington was practically all green fields. Prince Albert wanted to buy a very large tract of this land for his exhibition, and when the exhibition was over he wanted to retain the land for what could best be described as a University town. He wanted to put a worthy London University on it, and picture galleries, and museums, and Colleges of the Arts and Sciences, a whole district, in fact, generously and spaciouly planned for a permanent and inspiring future. This dream was largely frustrated by public blindness and apathy.

In the first place he was allowed less than half the land he wanted, and after the exhibition was over, even this smaller area was mostly sold for house building. Only by a chance, as it were, did any of the original plot remain in the hands of the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition. We here to-day are standing in the middle of the land which the Commissioners retained. It stretches from the Albert Hall to Cromwell Road, including the Victoria and Albert Museum. After the exhibition most of it was made into horticultural pleasure gardens, with fountains, arcades and a small artificial lake. This concert hall was built on the ground where that lake stood, and Sir Bruce Richmond, who is a member of our Council now, has told me that as a small boy he sailed a toy boat on it. The little stream that fed the lake still runs in a culvert under our feet. Not many years ago it burst and flooded the orchestral pit of the theatre

below us. It is running now, quiet and well-mannered I hope. It is one of the many hidden streams under London.

Finally the pleasure gardens failed to pay their way, and a little of Prince Consort's original plan came to life again. The Albert Hall had been built by public subscription as a home for the Arts and Sciences on a large scale, concerts, conferences, exhibitions and the like, and however much we may criticise it, it is still unique as a building for massed audiences and massive concerts, for national meetings and ceremonies.

Then came the project for a Royal College of Music. The chairman of the committee which formed it, and the first President of the College, was Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, and the eldest son of Prince Albert. The search for a site was solved by the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition, who gave us this land, practically rent-free, for 999 years, and every year since the Commissioners have voted us five hundred pounds, as a token of their interest, and in accordance with Prince Albert's wish that the proceeds of the Exhibition should be devoted to the Arts and Sciences. We now also have as our neighbours the Colleges of Art and Science and the Museums. Thus a part, though only a small part, of Prince Albert's great vision has been saved. But we still have the unbroken link with Prince Albert, in that every succeeding direct heir to the Throne has accepted this special connection with our College, down to the present day. Princess Elizabeth, our President now, is Prince Albert's great-great-granddaughter.

I hope you will agree with me, therefore, that 1951 is an exceptionally memorable year, and I trust that what we here may accomplish in it will not be unworthy of our foundation and history.

PRIVATE VIEW—or WATERLOO, 1950

By RALPH NICHOLSON

WE met him near the Dome of Discovery. He was a slim, rather serious-looking man of about fifty-three, with a somewhat tolerant, unhumorous expression which reflected the mind of the official who spends five-eighths of his working hours answering tiresome questions.

"This is Mr. Jervis," said the senior member of our little group of Privileged Persons; "he is to be our guide this afternoon. There's nothing he does not know about the New Concert Hall. If you have any queries I'm sure he is the man who knows all the answers."

"Good afternoon, gentlemen. I will lead the way if you will follow me closely. Just be careful of occasional holes in the ground and unexpected pieces of scaffolding."

Although everything both outside and inside the building gave the impression of "organised chaos" we realized we were

witnessing the beginning of a new musical era for London. Feeling something unusual should be done to mark the occasion, I had given my shoes a special polish. After walking some distance through three inches of wet mud—it was a damp, murky November afternoon—and occasionally stepping into a pile of fresh cement to allow a lorry load of bricks to pass, we eventually reached a side entrance. Here we ducked—most of us low enough—under some tubular scaffolding, and we were inside.

In spite of the mess everywhere, with men coming and going, some with hammers, rulers, mugs of tea, others with pails, pale expressions or looks of seeming unconcern, one could see through it all the makings of an impressive entrance hall. As our party now advanced gingerly up the first flight of stairs, with at present nothing to stop one falling off the sides and with pieces of wood nailed to each stair, Mr. Jervis, accompanied by some rhythmic hammering on some piping, was believed to be saying, "Of course the whole place is sound-proof." It was useless to try and hear everything that was being said, and we eventually stopped asking "What did he say?" We just took in everything we could while making sure we did not trip over loose cables, bang our heads on obstructions or fall right through to our starting place. A comforting notice read, "Accidents need not happen. Avoid dropping heavy objects from a height."

We had now reached the first floor, which is a large area known as the foyer. Leading off it will be the Restaurant. Everywhere is air-conditioned of course. Outside is a pleasant terrace which has rudely pushed itself a further twenty yards into the Thames and is terminated by a new, beautifully constructed river wall of perfect proportions and masterly workmanship. Out here, overlooking the flowing river, tea could be served to the hardy and optimistic—air conditions permitting, of course!

Up some more stairs ("Yes, there will be lifts as well") and we were in the concert hall itself. Still unfinished ("they have forty days to complete the constructional work") it seemed impossible that the job could be completed in so short a time. The "stage" was just a mass of scaffolding. It was fascinating to watch various individuals going about their different tasks. No one gave any orders and there seemed no urgency about anyone's movements. One or two men stood about with sheets of paper and plans, apparently making some calculations or discussing some point of architectural nicety.

A whistling workman would suddenly scale up a piece of scaffolding, walk nonchalantly along a narrow plank, disappear from view, and then reappearing would slide as easily as an acrobat down the pole again—so that one wondered whether one had dropped in on a rehearsal for the Olympia Circus. Two men were hacking chunks off a couple of planks of wood for no apparent reason while another walked by with a box of doughnuts. It all seemed slightly incongruous, yet one knew that this typically British unconcern, which has baffled so many foreigners, was

really part of a master-plan which could probably be timed to the nearest hour and measured to within half a dozen nails.

Our first impression of the auditorium was of a mixture of a very large cinema and the "Queen Mary." The nautical illusion was doubtless caused by the dignified plainness of the construction and the row of "portholes" in the front of the gallery—if one can use such a vulgar term for the "upper arena" of this magnificent hall—which will presumably hold spotlights for any special stage lighting. Another marine effect was created by the boxes—about fifteen of them each side which jut out, well above the ground at varying elevations—whose prows ("you want the best seats"!) in a rather severe, unornamental style, gave one a faint reminder of the ships of our forefathers. Though obviously unintentional, this would appear quite apt since we stood not much more than a baton's throw from salt water.

There were as yet no signs of any seats in the hall, but one could tell that from every seat there would be an unobstructed view of the platform. There are no pillars anywhere and the floors slope up evenly from the front to the rear. Acoustically, the scientists tell us, the position is sound. The acid test will come in February when the Students' Orchestra from the Guildhall will give the South Bank Hall its first "audition."

As we made our somewhat hazardous ascent to the upper region and looked down on what will be the platform, we obtained a definite feeling of being in a vast building. Yet, with a certain number who will be allowed to stand, the capacity of the hall will only be about 3,500. The stage will be able to hold 350, which will exclude the larger choral societies of London.

Such rough impressions which we gathered were of necessity due to the near-completion of the "chassis" only. But already there were signs of a fine "body" in the making. Small sections of finely polished wood were beginning to be fitted to the inner walls, while out in the passage which rings the hall and has an unobstructed view of the river, smooth grey Derby stone was gradually covering the rough-cast walls.

As we stood once more at the front of the auditorium we tried to imagine the scene not so many months hence, when with traditional pomp and ceremony, the King opened the New Hall; the special Festival Concerts; then the regular symphony concerts when the temporary buildings on the Festival site had been removed and the one permanent building remained in rather superior isolation—although it will be possible to reach it from Waterloo Station without having to brave the elements. One imagined the audiences, large and small, sitting in actual comfort, orchestras playing at rehearsals without having to wear mittens, scarves and overcoats. (Couldn't the authorities provide just one little friendly draught from time to time until we all become acclimatized?) My mind wandered further and I pictured a concert of *British* music, the audience occupying the front rows of the stalls. A skilful drop-curtain is lowered, with backcloth

giving the illusion of the remainder of the hall packed to the doors. . . . I awoke from my musing to hear Mr. Jervis explaining to our small party that under the platform was a complete replica of the stage where a full symphony orchestra could rehearse while a concert was in progress above—and not a sound of it would be heard in the hall. (All that is needed now is an auditorium without a platform where an audience can sit and not have to listen to anyone!)

Another smaller hall will later be built, with completely equipped stage, for amateur theatricals. There will be seating for between three and four hundred. A small pier is also being constructed so that people can arrive by water. A few steps will lead straight up to the hall. (Visions of an orchestral player arriving late for rehearsal. "Sorry I'm late, Maestro. I missed the tide.")

It was all very interesting and encouraging and made one feel that music was to be given a square deal at last.

Before we took our leave I ventured one last question to Mr. Jervis. "I understand that they have thought of everything that could possibly allow extraneous sounds into the hall. What about the main entrance door?" He looked at me as though he would have been happier had I asked some other question, and said, with rather a forced laugh, "Well, actually we have been having some difficulty over this problem—but I think we shall soon overcome it." As he spoke we could see an engine, through the side window of the entrance hall, on Hungerford Bridge. It let out a terrific hiss of steam. Well apparently it was a hiss, but as far as we were concerned we might have been watching a silent film.

We were about to bid good-bye to our guide and thank him for his patience in answering so many tiresome questions when he said, "I had nearly forgotten, gentlemen. I am sure you would like to see the bandroom." With a combined first-hand experience of such places of many years' standing, we all showed a new interest. "I must warn you," he added, "that it is far from finished and it will be rather a matter of crawling on your hands and knees."

Excusing ourselves and thanking him pleasantly with the remark that we felt we had risked our heads quite enough for one afternoon, we stepped out into the open air again.

As we did so a heavy object landed on my head. I think it was a lump of ice.

THE SOUND OF HIS HORN

A SHORT STORY

By DAVID COX

"YOU don't mind if I bring my piano—do you?" I asked. The landlady looked uncomfortable. "Your piano?" It was as though I had asked her whether I could keep a Polar bear in the bathroom. "Well, I don't know whether my

husband would like it very much," she said. "Do you play a lot?"

"Not an excessive amount," I said. (I wanted to practise about five or six hours each day: that was all.)

"Well, I'll have to talk it over with my husband this evening."

I knew it was no good. Why should they bother to let the room to me, who had a piano, when they could perfectly easily find somebody else who would live there more or less silently? It was the same everywhere I went. Several times I came near to clinching matters with landladies; but as soon as I mentioned my piano—that was the end of it. I *had* to mention the piano, of course—otherwise there would only have been trouble later, and that would have been worse.

Eventually I heard of a large house, divided up into furnished rooms, where a good many musicians lived and practised: two pianists, three singers, a flautist and a horn-player. I managed with luck (I thought) to get a room in this house. I became Pianist No. 3.

All through the day our house sounded like the Royal College of Music in the afternoon of a week-day during term-time. A musical snake-pit. People whose main object in life is to make noises on a musical instrument for several hours each day *should* be segregated, like lunatics. Their way of life is anti-social in the extreme. They should certainly not inflict themselves on ordinary decent folk who like to listen all day to the Light Programme.

The only rule in our house was: no music before seven-thirty in the morning, and no music after eleven at night. This rule was strictly adhered to. Otherwise it was free for all.

Each morning at seven-thirty sharp I was awakened by the horn-player on the floor above. I was never sure who it was: we kept ourselves pretty well to ourselves. On the ground-floor, where I had my room, there were (besides myself) another pianist, one of the singers (a female), and the flautist. Of these I knew who was who, because I had heard different noises coming from different rooms. But just who was who upstairs, I never bothered to sort out. Two youngish females, an old man, a pimply boy of about seventeen—occasionally when by chance I ran into them, going or coming, I would wonder vaguely which of the upstairs noises they were responsible for; but that was as far as my curiosity went.

The other pianists in the house didn't really worry me, nor did even the singers; and the flautist was all but inaudible.

The horn, on the other hand, nearly drove me mad. It's a much more penetrating sound than the piano, or the human voice: the horn-player was the undoubted King of the Snake-pit. And the noise he made wasn't human. It always sounded quite expressionless—like a horn stop on an organ; and it went on and on, relentlessly, for about eight hours a day.

For fourteen months, every morning, the sound of the horn brought me from my bed: at first it was the sour, dismal, strained noises made by a beginner. I imagined a keen young student (probably the pimply youth, I thought) doing his best with a difficult instrument—an instrument which is treacherous even in the hands of an expert.

But this horn-player's progress seemed to be quite remarkable. The noises improved—but without ever becoming human. At first (besides scales and exercises) we heard "Drink to me only," "Annie Laurie," and tunes of that sort. Then for some time it was nothing but the "Air on the G-String"—rather surprisingly; but I realised it could make a very effective horn solo. Then, in a very short time, we were hearing passages from Mozart or Haydn (I'm not sure which), and I recognised the horn part of the Brahms Trio; I recognised Weber's Concertino and Strauss's Concerto—all being practised, practised, practised, most diligently, day after day. Difficulties were gradually mastered. Gradually complicated and awkward passages took definite shape. But the sounds never became human. . . .

As I have said, all music in our house ceased at eleven. One night, however, we had the surprise of our life. It must have been about an hour or two after midnight. Suddenly the silence of the night was shattered by an amazing display of technical virtuosity on the horn. Being a light sleeper, I was awakened immediately. Although I was so accustomed to being awakened by the sound of the horn, on this occasion I sprang up in alarm. For one mad moment the idea occurred to me that this was the Last Trump. For one mad moment I was seized with panic. Then to my profound relief I realised it was the horn-player upstairs. But what on earth possessed him to burst forth suddenly at such an hour? And what a performance! I've never heard such horn-playing in my life. It was like a marvellous cadenza: rapid scale-passages, arpeggios, trills and flourishes, combined with all the most difficult passages in Brahms, Weber and Strauss, which I'd heard being practised. And everything executed with such mastery, such technical brilliance—bright, clear, and *loud*—never a single uncertain note! I listened in amazement . . . I heard someone knocking on a wall, and a voice calling out something. I heard a window open; some footsteps on the stairs; somebody hammering on a door upstairs; a voice shouting from outside the house.

Abruptly, in the middle of a phrase, the playing suddenly stopped, and all was silence again. The performance had lasted only about two minutes in all. But in that two minutes, what a display of fireworks! The whole thing seemed most extraordinary, and I lay awake for some time thinking about it. As I lay awake, I heard more footsteps on the stairs, followed by the murmur of a telephone conversation in the sitting-room at the front of the house (too distant for me to make out what was being said); then, a few minutes later, a knock at the front door, another

murmured conversation, and more than one person going upstairs. Then I must have gone to sleep.

The next morning I overslept. No horn woke me at seven-thirty. I slept on till about nine. Then I shaved and dressed, and set off to have a late breakfast at a restaurant a little way up the road, where it was my custom to have most of my meals. As I was leaving the house, I ran into my landlady, and made some remark about the extraordinary horn noises we had heard during the night.

"He's dead," said the landlady. "Poor old man. He must have taken leave of his senses just before he died. He had a weak heart, you know."

"Do you mean to say it was the *old man* who played the horn?" I asked. "And now he's dead?"

It was true. The persistent horn-player had been—not the pimply youth, as I had imagined—but an old man (nearly seventy) with a weak heart

He seemed to have no relatives or even friends. In the bank he had about four thousand pounds, and he received, besides, the old-age pension. He left his money to the Musicians' Benevolent Fund—"the amount that remains" (so ran his will) "after I have been decently buried."

What led this old man with a weak heart to take up the horn at the age of nearly seventy, I don't know. I like to think that it was something he had wanted desperately to do all his life, but for various reasons it had never before been possible. No doubt most of us have some such thing caged up inside us—something which means more to us than anything else in the world—and unless it manages to find some outlet there can be no real sense of fulfilment in life. Perhaps, in his remarkable two-minute performance just before he died, the horn-player upstairs managed to achieve that sense of fulfilment. I hope he did.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE AMERICAN TOUR OF THE ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

By STEPHEN TRIER

ON the afternoon of October 8, 1950, some ninety-five musicians gathered on Waterloo Station. This departure was, I should imagine, no more auspicious than the usual "Queen Mary" special express. For all that, I am sure that every member of the Royal Philharmonic was aware that this was but the beginning of an extremely strenuous tour, the outcome of which seemed very far away. We were going to play some fifty concerts in a country with a reputation for extremely skilled orchestral playing. This must have been the thought uppermost in the minds of all, and even the most experienced could not have failed to feel at least apprehensive. There were no indications to offset this apprehension save, perhaps, the secondhand knowledge most

of us had of American hospitality. The fact that no other orchestra had ever undertaken such a tour anywhere was a frightening prospect. Sadlers Wells Ballet, we knew, had had a fantastic reception everywhere in the States, mainly because the Americans have no comparable company, in size or excellence. We were offering what might well have been coals to Newcastle.

The individual experiences of such a tour were naturally so numerous and varied that I can only attempt to commit the most striking to paper.

The crossing going out was rather unsettling for most of us—completely so for some, and the result was that Pier 90 moved up and down rather more than a rather solid structure possibly could! The New York skyline even at 4 a.m. on an extremely foggy and drizzly morning was impressive enough to make us remember the rather stiff schedule that lay ahead. Speculation began again, though it was short-lived as we were caught up in the proverbial New York whirl as well as our own private one. As we cleared the customs, we descended almost immediately to see the three enormous buses, with which we were to get very closely acquainted in the course of the next two months.

The buses took us to our hotel where we were given an itinerary and our first packet of "greenbacks." Having sorted out our rooms, our baggage and ourselves, the day was free. Things were rather complicated by the fact that it was a public holiday—Columbus day. Nevertheless a public holiday in the States does not mean that everything shuts up, as in England, so it did afford us a chance to become acquainted with our future eating habits and so on. It gave us a chance also to see how soon a dollar can disappear leaving no trace whatever! The present rate of exchange is not a bit favourable to an Englishman visiting the States.

Our first journey in the buses came the following day. It took four hours and it certainly did its share to make everyone uneasy. Tempers ran high in the Bushnell Memorial Hall, Hartford, Connecticut, that afternoon, and one of the worst rehearsals imaginable did not help matters much.

"They'll give us the bird!" . . . "We'll never finish the tour" . . . "Why have we come all this way to make fools of ourselves?" . . . these were specimen snippets of conversations going on all round. Even Sir Thomas looked rattled, but he said nothing, of course. I was very shaken and felt my fingers shaking like leaves.

8.30 p.m. came round and we took our places on the platform of one of the finest halls I have ever seen, let alone played in. We stood as Sir Thomas came on. Having taken his stately bow he shut his eyes and delivered one of his terrific downbeats, and there followed such a spirited rendering of the American anthem, that I should think would be rare anywhere. The audience clapped vigorously and following one of Sir Thomas's inimitable "God save the Kings," the programme started brilliantly with

Berlioz's fine overture, *The Corsair*. It was a good beginning to one of the most exciting concerts I have ever heard. The audience, contrary to expectations, was enthusiastic to a rare degree, for I understand that the New England audiences usually, as one American put it, "sit on their hands." It was a much relieved orchestra that travelled back the 118 miles to New York that night. Friday, October 13, had been a success, we all felt!

Although we had arrived in at 2.15 a.m. there were many folk who were up early to see what the critics had to say. The concert, we knew, had gone well, but critics in the States are much more inclined to prejudice, and as there were over a quarter of a million people who wanted to hear us in the course of the next two months, we hoped the New York critics would not give them reason to doubt their good intentions! Fortunately they did not. They were almost unanimous in their approbation—unbelievably so, which was a great relief to all.

I may, from some points of view, have over-dramatized this first day. That is possible, but it is obvious how important that first concert was. Everyone knows much of the efficiency and grandeur of the American orchestras and we were going to play where no foreigners had ever performed before. Until that day, no-one save perhaps Sir Thomas knew whether we had the equipment to break the ice. We knew nothing of the American musical audiences. But we now knew, as a result of that first day, that the Royal Philharmonic had something to offer which no American orchestra could. That something was Sir Thomas Beecham's unique music-making. The orchestra has a fine gramophone reputation over there but it is doubtful whether that was a great factor in the success. One interesting thing was the praise given to the strings of the orchestra almost everywhere.

Little more need be said of the other concerts of the tour, not because they were not good. Most of them were excellent, although with such a heavy schedule of travel it was inevitable there were a few that are best forgotten! Mention must be made, however, of the really outstanding ones.

Boston was given something by which to remember our visit. I cannot call to mind the exact programme but I remember that it was one which an English audience would regard as ordinary. It contained a superb performance of Elgar's cello concerto by Anthony Pini. The other items were also given terrific performances, and that the Boston audience thought so too could be gauged by the way in which they stood at the end and stamped and shouted for more. This was a triumph, for Boston is too Irish to be wildly pro-British and there is, of course, only one great orchestra in the world to the Bostonians. Sir Thomas delivered a speech in his best manner adding that he was "glad to see that all the memories of 176 years ago had been wiped out!"

Another memorable evening was the first concert in Carnegie Hall. This famous hall did not impress us as much as many of the others in the States. It is good by English standards, but

although it is quite good to listen in, the player has the feeling that he has no contact with his audience. There were other halls of which the same could be said but nevertheless most towns and universities boast halls of which London could be proud. In these really fine halls the orchestra showed itself capable of really superb playing.

Some of us took the chance to hear the resident orchestras in New York and Chicago. The New York Philharmonic Symphony is now conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos and I must say that although I was, shall I say amazed, by the efficiency of the orchestra as a machine, I was not musically as much impressed as perhaps I had expected to be. The Chicago orchestra, though completely at home in a performance of a percussive and intricate work such as Copland's third symphony, did not achieve that lyricism and warmth which Brahms' violin concerto deserves and usually gets in England. Of course these are purely personal observations and I would not wish to condemn two fine orchestras on a single hearing. I would say, however, that the American orchestras lack a musical flexibility—a quality which is common in nearly all English orchestras. We had all hoped to hear the Boston Symphony under Charles Münch, but it was not possible.

A word or two on impressions of the Americans we met would not be out of place, I think. Contrary to what we had expected, we were not fêted at all, and apart from two most enjoyable parties given to the orchestra, one by Mitropoulos and his New York Symphony, and the other by Kubelik and the Chicago Symphony, we were left to our own devices to find entertainment. Many of us were invited individually into American homes where we were made extremely welcome, and I for one made some extremely good friends. But charming as these folk are I was not sorry to return to England. We all enjoyed meeting our American colleagues. It is amazing, but musicians I am convinced, are the same the world over. One especially kind gesture was the gift of twenty-five cigars to each member of the orchestra from the Philadelphia Orchestra who could not give us a party, as we were playing an involved game of hide-and-seek with them. When we played in Philadelphia they were playing in New York and vice versa! However several of their members came and heard the orchestra of their own accord when we were playing near Philadelphia.

I am sure that I have omitted many things of general interest. But as can well be imagined much happened in those two months. We travelled over 7,000 miles in our buses in the extremely capable hands of three excellent drivers, whose skill helped to make what could have been an unpleasant business seem easy. Excellent fellows they were too! I could tell of the shooting episode at 1 a.m. outside the hotel in Rockford, Ill.—of the violinist who was accosted by a man with a gun when he had mistaken his hotel room, but one must end somewhere.

I have nothing but pleasant memories of a tour which can only be described as momentous.—It was a success, too.

MUSIC IN SOUTHERN RHODESIA, 1950

By BARBARA KERRIDGE

TO people in the United Kingdom the name of Southern Rhodesia probably conjures up a picture of vast open spaces, endless sunshine, Victoria Falls and African servants. At any rate that was how I visualised it before I arrived here in January, 1949. I have not yet seen the famous Falls, but I have certainly seen open spaces—miles and miles of them!—and endless sunshine, and have made good use of the leisure occasioned by having an African servant.

It takes three days and three nights in the train from Cape Town to reach Salisbury. The alternative is to disembark at Beira in Portuguese East Africa and come up by train which journey takes one day and a night. Yes, you come "up" as Salisbury, the capital of Southern Rhodesia, is 5,000 feet above sea level. It has a European population of about 60,000 besides Asiatic, coloured, and African, and is an attractive, well laid-out city which this year celebrated her sixty-years Jubilee. Most of the avenues are wide and lined with glorious flowering trees which are a striking sight when in full bloom.

I had not been here long before I discovered the Rhodesian College of Music, a small but growing institution founded in July, 1948, and directed by Mrs. Eileen Reynolds, A.R.A.M. As I stood outside I was reminded of my R.C.M. student days and the familiar sounds that greeted me as I walked past the Albert Hall and down the steps to College. The volume of sound, though probably far less, was none the less inviting to one of my temperament for here was a veritable hive of musical industry, and I was very soon a part of it.

In the two years of its being, the College has increased in the number of students from 25 to over 175 and additional staff has been recruited from the United Kingdom. The College is housed in a large private house at present, but there is ample scope for the addition of further teaching rooms and eventually a concert hall.

The College offers courses of study in solo instruments—piano, violin, violoncello, viola, orchestral instruments, singing, dramatic art, speech training and speech therapy, together with classes in theory of music, harmony, counterpoint, musical composition, musical appreciation, history of music, aural training and percussion band. There are also choral, orchestral, and ensemble classes and students are prepared for recognised examinations and diplomas. Last year Dr. Thomas Fielden, M.A. visited the College for the Associated Board examinations, and this year Mr. Michael Head came to judge the fifty-six students who were entered, from Grades I—VII, of whom twelve gained distinctions. A first diploma student, on gaining her L.R.S.M.,

has gone overseas to the Royal Academy of Music in London to study for three years.

There is a library and reading room set aside for students. Here you will find books of reference, music and all manner of musical magazines. Recently the College has accepted a generous gift of miniature scores of modern works from the Arts Council of Great Britain, and still more recently the same Arts Council has sent the College a gift of 700 records.

Not only does the College undertake tuition but it has arranged many public concerts in Salisbury and students have also had the opportunity of hearing private recitals at the College and of meeting artists like Robert Soetens, Suzanne Roche, Beatrice Gibson, Lily Kraus, Marcel By, Dr. Fielden, Elsie Hall and Herman Salomon. The public's response has been most encouraging. For instance all tickets for Eileen Joyce were sold out within a few hours of the Box Office opening.

An annual concert of much interest which draws a large audience is the public concert given by the students of the College at the end of the year in December. Last year there was a junior concert in the afternoon and a senior concert in the evening. The programme for the latter included one of Haydn's piano concertos and movements from Mozart and Beethoven piano concertos played by different students with the College orchestra, supplemented by various professionals.

We at the College are proud of the vast strides made in its development during the past two years, and regard its future as very promising. It is the nursery of musical activities in this part of the colony, and here the seeds of knowledge are sown on fertile soil—our younger generation. There is no doubt of the growing demand for cultural development in all its forms—literature, painting and music—and the arts generally—which has led to the formation of the Arts Council of Southern Rhodesia, and to the project of a Rhodesian University. Funds have started and plans are afoot for the building of a University. Who knows, one day, we at the College, may be part of the Faculty of Music.

In Bulawayo, the second largest city in S.R., there is a similar institution called the Rhodesian Academy of Music. This was started as a small music school in 1938, but by 1948 had grown to such vast proportions that a board of trustees was formed which in time appointed a Board of Management, and the Rhodesian Academy of Music, as it is now called, was converted into a Public Institution with Mrs. Elsie Nunn, L.R.A.M., as its first Principal. The Academy has a present roll of over 600 students and a qualified staff of 30, and is planning to build a new building with concert hall, administrative offices and teaching and practising rooms.

Another feature of the musical life of the Colony is centred in the Salisbury Eisteddfod inaugurated by the Rhodesian Institute of Allied Arts and held annually at Blakiston School Hall. It lasts about ten days and was this year judged by Madame

Albina Bini. There are vocal and instrumental sections for all ages. College students who entered for the various classes obtained excellent results and there was a high percentage of first-class grading. There is a similar Eisteddfod held in Bulawayo, which attracts a large number of entries and a good audience.

There are various clubs and societies in Salisbury and in Bulawayo too, such as the Operatic Society which has just produced "Merrie England" very successfully, and the Music Club which has a membership of over two hundred. They have monthly meetings, and lectures and recitals are arranged. There is also a classical record club which meets regularly in the Sephardic Hall, which at the moment is Salisbury's only large public hall. We all hope that in the next few years a really good hall will be built where we will be proud to ask international artists and orchestras to perform. I should mention here that there are municipal orchestras on a semi-professional basis, who have made promising beginnings in Salisbury, Bulawayo and Umtali, and we have heard concertos played by local musicians.

Of broadcasting I have made no mention, for as yet it is in its adolescent stage. Naturally enough for there is not the population to support an institution, say, like the B.B.C. To an immigrant it is one of the disappointments that the radio has so little musical fare, except of a second-hand nature, to offer. Broadcasting House compiles its programmes from a quarterly influx of B.B.C. recordings. Stations open at 11 a.m. and close down after the 1 p.m. news and there is no further programme till 5.30 p.m. Sunday morning is generally devoted to a classical record concert. (This sometimes has its funny side when, for instance, you hear a sonata with one of its movements played back to front.) But other than that or an occasional direct transmission from Daventry, Salisbury has little to offer. However, the B.B.C. overseas programmes can be heard on good sets and I have often listened to a promenade concert or something from the Edinburgh Festival, but, however, with the inevitable atmospheric distortions.

From the professional angle there is ample scope in the Colony for teaching, as there are not enough qualified teachers to absorb the number of students wishing to learn an instrument. It is satisfying to teach in these circumstances when you feel you are doing worthwhile work. Obtaining music has its difficulties as the three local music shops hold a somewhat limited stock and to obtain music from England is a somewhat lengthy procedure. Printed music here is an expensive item, and likewise, so are instruments.

I hope, in ending, that I have drawn a clear picture for my readers of the musical life of this young Colony and its needs. It would welcome any musician coming here to live and offers a pleasant life in an admirable climate. And we hope in the not too distant future that we shall be visited by all the world's artists and orchestras and that a Rhodesian audience will be as critical and appreciative as a London audience.

R.C.M. UNION

The Autumn Term marks the beginning of another College year with the arrival of a large number of new students. It is also the season for Union subscriptions to be paid: these have come in well and it is encouraging that a good number of students who passed out from College in the summer have now come in to the "parent body," the Union. There have also been quite a few resignations, owing to the need for economy and other reasons, which are much regretted.

The sale of colours, especially wool scarves for the cold weather, has been briskly maintained.

It was near the end of term when the Annual General Meeting was held on Friday, December 1. The weather was bad, but I fear that that was not the chief, or only, reason for a small attendance—why do more members not come?—we would gladly welcome suggestions for making this occasion more attractive. However, though small, it was a very enjoyable meeting, and our speaker was the Principal of the Royal College of Art, Mr. Robin Darwin.

He told us that the early name of the College was the School of Ornamental Art and went on to talk of the need for ornament in civilization, saying that it is evidence of a nation's vitality but that it must be secondary and not obscure the fundamentals. This somewhat naturally led to discussion of the ornamentation of the early nineteenth century and the Great Exhibition of 1851, when the British nation was wealthy, confident and frivolous.

Mr. Darwin amused us greatly with a set of slides made from illustrations in a book on the Exhibition. Some of the ornate objects shown, from a medicine glass to a sideboard, from a bed to a papier maché arm-chair, and, most fantastic of all, a tea service and stand designed by the Prince Consort, which looked far better-suited for a garden fountain, were almost past belief.

In conclusion, Mr. Darwin stressed the value of lightness of touch and said that in the lack of it to-day there was grave danger of a set mediocrity in our decorative art.

PHYLLIS CAREY FOSTER, Hon. Secretary.

R.C.M. STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

The new members of the Committee were introduced to the Association at a meeting held during the first week of term. Two stalwarts of the previous year's Committee, the secretary and the treasurer, remained with the untried novices. Their help and advice during the first weeks of term were much appreciated. It was heartening to see such a large attendance at the first meeting and it is to be hoped that an equally large and enthusiastic assembly will foregather at meetings to be held during the coming year. Proposed activities for the term were discussed, as well as one or two tentative suggestions which have yet not materialised.

The Association Orchestra, under its conductor, Alexander Gibson, has had a very busy and successful term. Attendances at the weekly rehearsals have been very good and the enthusiasm and keenness shown by all those taking part has certainly contributed in no small measure to the success of the concerts.

October 13 was a milestone in the history of the Orchestra. For the first time a public concert, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Thanksgiving Fund, was given at the Central Hall, Westminster. This concert considerably enhanced the prestige of the Orchestra, and the press notices and criticisms were sufficient evidence of the respect with which it was received. Lance Dossor played Brahms' second piano concerto and Nancy Evans sang Elgar's "Sea Pictures." The overture was Weber's "Oberon," and the programme concluded with the "Enigma" Variations.

An encouragingly large audience attended the lunch-time concert given by the Orchestra on November 27 in the Concert Hall. The programme consisted of Rossini's Overture "Semiramide," Dyson's "The Wife of Bath" from "The Canterbury Pilgrims," Turina's "Rapsodia Sinfonica" for piano and strings, and Dvorak's seldom-played symphonic poem "The Golden Spinning Wheel." The two soloists were Jean Carrol (soprano) and Lamar Crowson (piano).

A string section of the Orchestra again provided music for the Imperial College Commemoration Day on October 27. The Music Secretary, Alexander Gibson, conducted all these concerts and was largely responsible for their organisation.

The Composers' Concert was held in the Concert Hall on November 6 at 1 p.m. The programme was as follows:—

Sonata for violin and piano by William Harris; *Mélancolie* for clarinet and piano by Harold Badger; Four Chinese Lyrics for Soprano by Ronald Tremain; Cassation for flute, violin and viola by Frank Spreding; and Music for clarinet and piano by Thomas Rajna.

The Polyphonic Group under its conductor, John Mattheson, gave a recital on November 29 in the Donaldson Museum at 1 p.m.

We were approached early this term by the committee of the Students' Union of the Royal College of Science, and it was suggested that the committees of the Royal Colleges of Art, Science and Music should work together to try and establish a permanent liaison with the object of encouraging interest in each other's social activities. An Inter-College Committee was formed, and it is hoped that this step will bring results in the form of increased co-operation during the coming year.

In the field of sport, table tennis has, as usual, been much to the fore. The silver cup, so kindly given to us by Mr. Stammers, was presented on the last day of term to Edward Byles, the winner of the championship. There have been one or two hockey matches, but this sport does not seem to get the support which the more "domesticated" ping-pong enjoys.

The Christmas Dance was held on Monday, December 4, at the Chelsea Town Hall, and it can be said to have been a success both financially and socially. An excellent cabaret, in which several students took part, was arranged for us by Donald Swann. Those present entered into the spirit of the occasion with great zest and I think most people were loath to leave at the early hour of 11.30 p.m. If we continue to get such excellent support it may be possible to hold longer and more ambitious dances in the future.

DAVID HALL.

THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN IN LONDON

There were two important concerts to celebrate St. Cecilia's Day this year. At the Royal Albert Hall Sir Malcolm Sargent and Sir George Dyson each conducted the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, and the programme included Dyson's Overture "At the Tabard Inn," Moeran's *Sinfonietta*, and Vaughan Williams's *Fantasia* on the "Old 104th." At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Robert Noble conducted the Board of Trade Choir in a concert of choral music which included Parry's "Blest Pair of Sirens" and Howells's recent "King of Glory."

Other church concerts have included a series of four autumn recitals of Bach by Harold Darke at St. Michael's, Cornhill. At St. Michael's, Chester Square, Dykes Bower included music by Stanford, Howells, and Harris on October 10, and Lloyd Weber, on November 7, played Three Voluntaries of his own, and A Fancy, by Harris. Herrick Bunney gave a recital to the Orian Music Society on December 11. On November 8 the St. Michael's Singers conducted by Harold Darke, and with Thornton Loft-house playing the continuo, performed the Mass in B minor,

Richard Austin conducted the L.S.O. at the Royal Albert Hall with Colin Horsley as soloist on October 22. Margaret Bissett and Charles Meinardi took part in "The Dream of Gerontius" at the Town Hall, Ealing, on November 25. On September 19 Sir Malcolm Sargent conducted a concert at the R.A.M. in memory of Guilhermina Suggia. But Collegians appear to have been more active in chamber than orchestral concerts this autumn. At the Wigmore Hall Angus Morrison gave a piano recital on October 11, and Kathleen Long on November 11. Kathleen Long also played twice with the Loewenguth Quartet on October 28. Ruth Pearl and Frederick Page gave a violin and piano recital on November 12, and John Pennington with Richard Farrell performed the ten violin and piano sonatas of Beethoven on September 12, 15, and 17. Cello and piano recitals were given by Antonia Butler and Norman Greenwood on November 11 and 25, and included Moeran's Sonata.

At the Conway Hall on October 23 a recital was given by Frank Merrick. Alan Loveday played at the Festival of Empire Youth at the Overseas League on November 30. Benjamin Britten's settings of English folk-songs were performed by himself and Peter Pears at the Central Hall on September 25. The fourth series of informal concerts given by the Menges Quartet and introduced by Ivor James was given at Crosby Hall, Chelsea, on three autumn evenings, and the music they chose included Vaughan Williams's Phantasy Quintet. The Martin Quartet played at the South Place Sunday Concerts on November 12, and the Aeolian Quartet with Colin Horsley on November 26. On November 5 the Rubbra-Gruenberg-Pleeth Trio gave the first London performance of Rubbra's Piano Trio op. 68.

There has been other new music by Collegians. At the R.B.A. Galleries on October 19 Ruth Allsebrook sang songs by Bridge and Gibbs and Murray Brown gave the first performance in England of Stanley Bates's Two Preludes, and Sonata No. 8 for Piano. On October 10 at the same galleries Freda Swain gave with Frederick Thurston the first performance of her Clarinet Rhapsody, and sung, also for the first time, were her Five Poems from "Peacock Pie." At a concert of the Committee for the Promotion of New Music Hugo Coles's Oboe Quartet, with Peter Graeme playing the oboe, was performed on November 14, and on September 5 Paul Hamburger played Five Two-Part Inventions for Piano by Timothy Moore.

Richard Arnell's first symphony had its first English performance on January 23 and Antony Hopkins's "Festival Overture" its first London performance on January 16, both at Chelsea Town Hall, by the London Classical Orchestra under Trevor Harvey.

Peter Racine Fricker's sonata for violin and piano (1950) had its first performance at the L.C.M.C. concert at the R.B.A. Galleries on December 12, his violin concerto at the Morley College Concert at Central Hall on January 10, and his Prelude, Elegy and Finale for orchestra at a concert given by the London Classical Orchestra at Chelsea Town Hall on January 16.

Gordon Jacob's Sinfonietta in D for strings was played for the first time by the Harvey Phillips String Orchestra at Wigmore Hall on December 6.

THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN ABROAD

The Editor is very grateful to all those people who have sent an account of their recent activities for this number of the Magazine, but hopes to receive even more information for the next number. Please may it arrive not later than March 17, 1951.

Kathleen Cooper's recent activities include recitals at Ealing and East Ham Town Halls, also at Plymouth, Grantham and Godalming. In a tour of Newcastle, Durham and Darlington she gave several children's concerts

as well as public recitals. She gave the first of a series of lectures in Richmond organized in connection with her advanced piano course there (Joyce Warrack, Frank Merrick, Arthur Langford, Marjorie and Olive Daunt, Dr. Mary O'Leary and Harry Stubbs were the other speakers), and has also given a course of lectures at the City Literary Institute. With Dorothea Vincent she played a programme of music for two pianos at the M.M. Club which included Madeleine Dring's Lilliburlero and Hugo Anson's arrangement of one of Bach's sonatas.

Peter Hurford gave an organ recital at All Saints' Church, Sidmouth, on August 29 in commemoration of Bach's bi-centenary.

Harry Stubbs conducted The Tudor Singers in programmes of old and twentieth century music at a Summer School at Oxborough Hall, Norfolk, on September 14, at the Cranbrook School and District Music Club on November 22, at the Reading Christian Arts Festival on November 24, and at the Holmesdale Fine Arts Club, Redhill, on November 29.

Margaret Bissett was the contralto soloist in Mendelssohn's "Elijah" with the Portsmouth Choral Union on November 4 and with the Beeston Musical Society on December 9.

Miss Rosemary Foster has become Music Organiser for the Isle of Wight.

Benjamin Angwin conducted the Great Yarmouth Musical Society's concert on December 7, when the programme included Vaughan Williams's "Songs of Travel" and Parry's "Never, weatherbeaten sail," as well as Brahms's Requiem. On December 15 he conducted a carol concert with a choir of 200 children drawn from all the schools in the borough.

Dr. Allan W. Bunney conducted the Tonbridge Philharmonic Society in a programme of Christmas Music at the Parish Church on December 19, and four days later was responsible for A Festival of Seven Lessons and Carols at Tonbridge School. He conducted the school orchestral society on December 2, also performances of Vaughan Williams's "Towards the Unknown Region" and Bach's Cantata, "O Light Everlasting," in the school chapel on November 26. Recitals were given during last term by Colin Davis, Amaryllis Fleming and Peggy Gray on October 7, by Kendall Taylor on October 28, and by the Alexandra Orchestra on November 18.

Dorothy Erhart and Richard Austin were among the speakers in a course of lectures on contemporary music held at Ashridge from September 18 to 21.

Elizabeth Hopkins gave a recital (with Peggy Croxford) at the Shire Hall, Hereford, on October 7, and on November 18 shared a recital with the West of England Singers for the Tetbury and District Music Club at Westonbirt School. While in the U.S.A. last year she gave a concert at Abbot Academy, and from time to time she broadcasts on the Welsh Region.

Ralph Nicholson conducted the Croydon Symphony Orchestra on November 18 in a programme including Moeran's Serenade and Brahms's double concerto with Dennis East and James Whitehead as soloists. With his flourishing youth orchestra, he conducted a classical programme on December 7. At the Croydon Music Festival on November 23, this orchestra was placed first in the Open Amateur Orchestra Class and so qualified for the Area Finals for the 1951 National Music Festival.

Alan Bush's opera "Wat Tyler" has won one of the four awards for new operas offered by the Arts Council in connection with the Festival of Britain.

Humphrey Searle's "Poem for 22 Strings," Op. 18, had its first performance at the Darmstadt Festival of Music of the Younger Generation in August.

Dr. William Leonard Reed's "Three Flemish Pieces for oboe and strings" (based on tunes by Flemish composers discovered in the R.C.M. library) were played in Manchester during October by Evelyn Rothwell.

NEWS IN BRIEF

On January 1, 1951, students in universities, colleges and medical schools all over Great Britain will start collecting money to establish their own Student Tuberculosis Centre. Their aim is to raise £50,000—sufficient to buy, convert and equip a suitable country mansion as a residential college and treatment centre. Here students (and members of college and university staffs) who have contracted tuberculosis will be able to go, as soon as they are well enough to be out of bed for three or four hours every day, and continue their studies under medical supervision, with proper tuition and the best possible library and laboratory facilities. Special sanatoria for students, where they are able to continue their studies and even sit for examinations while under treatment, are an accepted part of academic life in continental countries. Already committees of students and dons in universities and colleges all over Great Britain have been laying their plans to raise money. These range from an Albert Hall Concert on February 16, where Boyd Neel will conduct an orchestra made up of the pick of students from the London music colleges, to a tennis tournament in a teacher's training college with 143 students.

The Royal School of Church Music is appealing for £60,000, to be known as The Nicholson Memorial, so that the aims and ideals of the late Sir Sydney Nicholson, who founded the school in 1927 and gave his services, without salary, as its Director from its inception until his death in 1947, can be more fully carried out. For further particulars apply to Roper House, Canterbury.

In celebration of the Jubilee of the Commonwealth of Australia in 1951, the Government is offering a prize of £A.1,000 for a symphony, the performance of which would not exceed 40 minutes. The competition is open to all natural-born or naturalized British subjects, and the closing date for entries is June 15.

The 1950 Colles Memorial Prize has been won by Mr. Julian M. Budden.

BIRTHS

DEL MAR. On January 7, 1951, to Pauline (née Mann) and Norman Del Mar,* a son.

LORD. On August 26, 1950, to Madeleine* (née Dring) and Roger Lord,* a son.

HAREWOOD. On October 21, 1950, to the Earl and Countess* (née Marion Stein) of Harewood, a son.

ROBINSON. On December 17, 1950, to Elisabeth* (née Thurston) and Hilary Robinson,* a son.

WILLIAMS. On November 19, 1950, to Valerie* (née Trimble) and John Williams, a brother (Jonathan Dominic) for Rosalind.

MARRIAGES

BUCHANAN—HARMSWORTH. On July 8, 1950, John Buchanan to Margaret Harmsworth.*

DAVIDSON—FRANKLIN-WHITE. On July 9, 1950, William Davidson to Olga Franklin-White.*

TINCKNELL—WINBOW. On September 2, 1950, Dr. Raymond Charles Tincknell to Margaret Elaine Winbow.

TREMAINE—COOMBES. On April 12, 1950, Vaughan Tremayne to Joan Coombes.*

* Denotes Royal Collegian.

OBITUARY

ERNEST JOHN MOERAN

DECEMBER 1, 1950

It must have been in 1922, or thereabouts, that I first came across E. J. Moeran. We both belonged to the Oxford and Cambridge Musical Club, which at that time (and until 1940) occupied a fine old house in

Bedford Square. Moeran had studied at the R.C.M. before the 1914-18 war, and during the war had served with the Norfolk Regiment; afterwards he spent four years working at composition with John Ireland. I was just down from Cambridge, and was myself a student at the College.

Since he was born (at Osterley, near London) on December 31, 1894, Moeran must have been about twenty-eight. Physically, he was squarely-built, lithe and robust; he had a fresh complexion; he smoked a pipe, and loved to tear across the country on a motor-cycle. Altogether he appeared to be a man whose natural element was the open air. His manner was invariably genial, though he was never a fluent conversationalist; his remarks, which often had an attractive edge to them, were made rather abruptly. Like most creative artists, he lived in a world of his own.

During those years I was working hard at the piano, and Moeran showed me his piano pieces, several of which were already published. I had tea with him one day at his flat in Chelsea; and there, I remember, after he had played a piece called "On a May Morning," I ventured to point out—not very tactfully, perhaps—that a phrase in it, of which much use was made, was identical with "He that will not drink this health," from "Here's a health unto His Majesty." To my surprise, he said he didn't know the song. Not at all disconcerted, however, he added: "Well, that's quite all right; that's fine: 'Here's a health unto His Majesty' on a May morning!"

Later I played that piece, together with another called "Burlesque," at a concert at the O. and C. Musical Club; and afterwards I discussed them with a musician who is well known to all Collegians. (He might not thank me for mentioning his name.) "Moeran's at his best with strong rhythms," he said; and I could not but agree. Although almost everything he wrote showed a deeply musical mind at work, certain passages in those early pieces were wanting in impulse and distinction.

About this time a Rhapsody, one of his first orchestral works, was played at a Patron's Fund concert at the R.C.M. He also produced a number of songs, and in these his imagination and sensitive feeling for words found full scope. Several of them, settings of poems by A. E. Housman, were sung, with the composer accompanying, at a concert at Oxford in which I took part; and one in particular, I remember, was greeted by Dr. Ernest Walker with a gasp of delight.

In 1923 Moeran gave a concert at Wigmore Hall at which several of his chamber works were performed. The whole of musical London seemed to be there, and it established him as one of the most gifted of the younger composers; a man to watch. Shortly afterwards, I remember, he appeared on my doorstep one afternoon, and announced: "I've come to take you to tea with Philip Heseltine." But, alas, I was not free to go, and some time passed before I met Heseltine. Moeran soon got to know him well, and was strongly influenced by him.

During the next few years he must have done some hard thinking and put in some solid work, for his later compositions revealed a mastery and a maturity that had formerly eluded him. I refer particularly to the Symphony, completed in 1937, and the Violin Concerto (1942). The Symphony, begun at the suggestion of Sir Hamilton Harty, owes its inspiration partly to the scenery of Norfolk, where he had lived as a boy, and partly to that of the south-west of Ireland, which he had come to love with something like passion. (His father, a clergyman who held a living in Norfolk, came from Cork.) Some first-rate chamber works also belonged to this period, and two choral suites, "Songs of Springtime" and "Phyllida and Corydon," both of which are evidently the outcome of a close study of the Elizabethan composers.

While living in Herefordshire during the war, Moeran composed a Sinfonietta, an admirably concise and attractive work. In 1945 he married Peers Coetmore, the cellist, and wrote for her a Cello Concerto and a Sonata. The Concerto, to my mind, though it contains some fine music, evades rather than solves the special problems posed by the form. The

Sonata, one of Moeran's most satisfying works, blends drama and lyricism with uncommon skill.

Folk-song was a dominant interest with him—he himself collected and arranged a number of songs from Norfolk and County Kerry—and the lyrical character of his music owes much to this. Other influences were the music of John Ireland and Delius. But early in his career an individuality manifested itself.

So far as I know, Moeran never held an official position, or even undertook any work other than composition; he possessed what used to be called a competence. It is possible that if he had been obliged to earn his living he would have disciplined himself and his achievement would have been greater.

I never knew him intimately; indeed, for some years I lost touch with him altogether. When I met him again after the war I was shocked by the change in his appearance. His hair was white, he had put on weight, and there was an uneasy, almost a "fey," look in his eye.

A year or two ago I sat with him in the studio while his Symphony was being broadcast. Afterwards, standing at the bus-stop at Warwick Avenue, he spoke to me of the "Songs from County Kerry" which he had collected and was arranging. (They were published only a few days before he died in County Kerry on December 1, 1950.) I asked him about the new Symphony that we all knew he was working on; and he gave me the impression that he was about half-way through. I watched him, a pathetic yet gallant figure, as he crossed the road to the Underground Station; he was wearing a cap and a soiled raincoat. Some days later he sent me an inscribed copy of his Fantasy Quartet for oboe and strings: a lovely work in which the pastoral-like qualities of the oboe are exploited to fine effect. But I never saw him again.

Jack Moeran was a romantic. His style of music is out of fashion to-day. But when grim pre-fabs in sound assail our ears under cover of the blessed word "contemporary," some of us may be inclined to murmur: "More's the pity."

HAROLD RUTLAND.

DR. THOMAS WOOD

NOVEMBER 19, 1950

Thomas Wood came to the College in 1918 to work with Stanford and to polish up his piano playing with Herbert Fryer. He had already taken his Mus. Bac. at Oxford in 1913 as a result of studying with Dr. Edward Brown, of Barrow, in his native Lancashire. He went to Oxford in 1914 and completed his residence by taking the double degree of M.A. and Mus. Doc. in 1920, after an interval of war service in the Admiralty. This higgledy-piggledy educational career is accounted for in his autobiography, "True Thomas," in which he tells how as a boy he was at sea with his father, a master mariner, who having been convinced that the boy would have to be a musician, insisted on his practising Bach on the edge of a table, since there was no piano aboard. His musical career began with an obeisance to orthodoxy in an appointment to Tonbridge School as music-master. What he did there is also described in a book, "Music and Boyhood," but thereafter he went his own way. The vein he cultivated in composition was the choral cantata and the subject he chose was three times out of four the sea. His last work, of which a run-through was held only a week before he suddenly and prematurely died, is a score on the subject of the Dunkirk evacuation for brass band and male-voice choir, the outcome of an Arts Council commission for the Festival of Britain.

His output was not large, though it includes part songs, anthems, and some orchestral music in addition to his half-dozen cantatas, but he devoted time to, and achieved distinction in, other fields as well. Most notable was his book on Australia, "Cobbers," which arose out of an Associated Board tour. This went into some thirty editions and did so much to foster good will and mutual understanding between Australia and the Mother Country that during the second German war he returned to the

southern hemisphere on a semi-official mission. He also visited Canada during Lord Tweedsmuir's governorship. On all these great journeys he had adventures which appealed to the sea-faring side of his nature. After the war he undertook laborious committee work for the Royal Philharmonic Society and the Arts Council. With his wife he founded the Philharmonic prizes at the R.C.M. and the other conservatoires. Behind all these enterprises he put a vast fund of good will, which he also expended upon friendship with all sorts and conditions of men. So rich and strenuous a life used him up, though it did not appear to do so, and the result has been to extinguish, at the early age of 57, a light that glowed in the hearts of his many friends and his innumerable acquaintances.

FRANK HOWES.

DR. FREDERICK GEORGE SHINN

OCTOBER 8, 1950

Just before the end of last term, Dr. F. G. Shinn's long life of service to music came to its close. Had he lived a few more weeks he would have celebrated his 83rd birthday, for he was born on December 23, 1867; but the effects of two serious operations were even more than his courage and determination could endure.

Dr. Shinn's name is so associated with the R.A.M. and the R.C.O. (of which he had been Hon. Secretary for the past twenty years) that one is apt to forget that he was essentially a Collegian. He entered College in 1890 and during his three years as a student enjoyed the companionship of such men as Coleridge-Taylor, Walford Davies and Howard Jones. Although Shinn actually taught at the R.A.M. he never lost touch with the College and rendered invaluable service to the R.C.M. Union since its inception in 1906. Within the last few years that bond was drawn closer by his election as a Fellow of the College.

He was one of the pioneers of Aural Training, and his books and teaching did much to make people aware of its importance as a part of musical education. But his chief gifts were administrative. His keen, legal mind, penetrating wisdom and self-effacing integrity were of great value, and many people and institutions owe much to the ready and enlightened advice which he so willingly gave to them.

HAROLD DARKE.

ROSAMOND PHILPOTT

SEPTEMBER 13, 1950

Rosamond Philpott, musician and bookbinder, was the last remaining child of the late Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Philpott, of Chewton Mendy's, Somerset. She died at Wells.

REVIEWS

HYMNUS PARADISI. By Herbert Howells. Novello. Vocal score 6s. 6d.

The English choral tradition, already long and distinguished, has been quickened and enriched by this work which must be considered the culmination of Dr. Howells's creative progress so far achieved. There is no need to dwell here on the composer's versatility, on the brilliance of his technique, the range of his knowledge or the intellectual equipment that he can bring to bear on any problem. All these are well known to us. More important is the sheer inspiration that glows through this work from beginning to end—an inspiration that transcends the difficulties both to performers and to listeners. And difficulties there are. Dr. Howells has never made concessions to his singers or to his audiences. He is a bogey to Cathedral Lay Clerks and to those whose choral experience ends with Stanford. His tonality is restless, his harmony is complex, and, perhaps most difficult of all, his rhythm is flexible and far from obvious. It is unprofitable to say that the work could be simplified. Of course it could,

but the result would not be Herbert Howells any more than a simplified "Parsifal" would be Wagner.

Those who are familiar with Dr. Howells's church music, from the exquisite Christmas motet, "A Spotless Rose," written many years ago, to the anthems composed during the last war and particularly the two magnificent Evening Services written for Cambridge and Gloucester, will recognise many things which have become symptomatic of the composer—the long phrases, the meditative interludes which seem like inspired improvisations, and the very characteristic slow moving vocal parts over a quickly moving accompaniment, a Wagner trick but used by Dr. Howells in a very un-Wagnerian way.

The work is a setting of various passages from the Psalms and the Sacred Offices, ending with the same words from the *Sarum Diurnal* that provided Sir George Dyson with the conclusion of his "Quo Vadis." Perhaps the most immediately impressive part is the fourth movement, which combines the words of Psalm 121 with the text of the *Sanctus* from the Mass. This is a stroke of imaginative genius which forms a serene and luminous climax in the middle of the three big movements, the second, the fourth and the sixth. The unity of the work is philosophical rather than textual. If a precedent is to be sought it must surely be found in Brahms's *Requiem*.

It is a work of power and distinction, of technical assurance combined with maturity of thought. The dominant impression in performance is of the inspiration behind it. Only in the third movement, a setting of Psalm 23, does one wonder whether there is over-elaboration of texture. For the rest, the difficulties and complexities are forgotten. We salute the work as one more witness to what is best in English music.

SYDNEY WATSON.

CONCERTO GROSSO FOR STRING ORCHESTRA. By R. Vaughan Williams. Oxford University Press. Score; 8s. 6d.

This work was written for the twenty-first anniversary of the Rural Music Schools Association. I well remember playing a humble violin part at the first run through of the concerto at an R.M.S.A. Easter Conference under the flexible baton of Sir Adrian Boult and the benign eye of the composer. I was also present to hear it performed at the Albert Hall on November 18, and I was greatly impressed on both occasions by the skill with which Dr. Vaughan Williams has contrived to satisfy the requirements of every type of musician, from the beginner to the skilled player, and has produced no mere academic exercise, but an interesting and vital piece of music. A reading of the score has confirmed this impression.

The orchestra required is a concertino of skilled players and a tutti of all who can play in the third position and simple double stops. There are in addition *ad lib* parts for less experienced players, even for those who can only manage open strings.

The Concerto is in five movements and lasts for about seventeen minutes. An imposing and passionate *Intrada* leads into a *Burlesca Ostinata*, based on the open strings of the violin, and containing a jovial tune for concertino and tutti as well as a more lyrical passage for the concertino in which the violas figure prominently against a musette type of melody in the violins. The *Sarabande* has echoes of "Job" which is sufficient recommendation of its beauty. In the course of the *Scherzo* there occurs a wonderfully flowing passage in C major, and an ingenious transformation of the triple time opening into a duple time melody for concertino which gains stature in its repetition by the tutti. The jolly *March* swings along happily until at its climax an effective return is made to the emphatic and powerful *Introduction*.

CONCERTO PICCOLO FOR TWO VIOLINS AND STRING ORCHESTRA. By R. O. Morris. Oxford University Press. Score; 12s. 6d.

This pleasant little work (lasting 18 minutes) would not be too difficult for a good amateur string orchestra, but merits even wider notice

It is the composition of a craftsman, and though it is based on the eighteenth century conception of the concerto, it is modern in outlook, and though miniature, compresses a good deal of thought into its four compact movements.

The first movement, *Allegro assai moderato*, opens with a strong theme based on the tonic and dominant notes of A minor. The second is slow with cantabile lines of counterpoint in E major, with a pleasing enharmonic change in the middle. A minuet and trio, conventional in everything except its modulations and transitions, forms the third movement, and the concerto closes with an allegro which is mostly in 6/8 time, thought interspersed with 9/8 passages which serve to add point and intensity to an already vigorous finale.

The two solo violins are not called upon for any greater technique than the main body of the orchestra, but though their lines are closely knit with the tutti, their parts are always interesting.

"I MUST LIVE ALL ALONE." A folk song for S.S.A., arranged by Imogen Holst. Oxford University Press. 4d.

A satisfying arrangement of a sad tune and tale from Lucy Broadwood's "English Traditional Songs and Carols." Each part in turn has the melody, and the setting accords well with the folk-song idiom.

A MARCHING SONG. By Lloyd Webber. Unison. Elkin. 4d.

For those who want a not too effusively patriotic song (poem by Swinburne) for massed voices, this one is as good as any I have come across. The sentiment of this type of song (underlined blatantly in one place by the supertonic chromatic chord) doesn't appeal to me, but I must confess that the composer has provided a singable tune (marred by an unfortunate reference to a popular song) with an accompaniment in which some of the harmonies are neatly and originally juxtaposed.

GOOD DAY, SIRE CRISTEMAS. S.A.T.B. Jasper Rooper. Cramer. 6d.

This is not an easy carol in spite of its simple aspect. It has subtle rhythm changes allied to 15th century words. It is a mixture of archaic and modern (with one pair of crude consecutive fifths) but should prove effective for voices.

NORMAN HEARN.

A TREASURY OF CHRISTMAS MUSIC. Ed. Will Reed. Blandford. 10s. 6d.

Here in one volume Dr. Will Reed has collected eighty carols, hymns, songs and instrumental pieces concerned with Christmas. Almost every carol likely to be required appears, from the hoariest favourites such as "In Dulci Jubilo" and "The Holly and the Ivy" to modern compositions by Bax, Holst, Vaughan Williams, Warlock, Howells, Walford Davies, and others. The inclusion of five Oxford Group carols of limited appeal seems unnecessary, and it would be more useful to see some modern works of more general interest in their place. I would particularly like to have had included the beautiful Basque folk tune to "The Angel Gabriel," but no anthologist can expect to satisfy anybody completely. Dr. Reed has carried out his double task of collector, and, where necessary, arranger, with taste and skill.

JOHN WARRACK.

"WINTER SKETCHES." By Robin Milford. Oxford University Press. 3s. 6d.

This is an occasion upon which one could say quite simply: "Here are four pieces of music"—and close the review, for Robin Milford has presented the younger pianist with a set of descriptive sketches which deserve special recommendation for their appeal to the imagination and their directness and compactness of style.

Although the technical problems involved are not great, phrasing and tone-colour will need careful handling, particularly in "The Dance" and "Winter Landscape." The latter is a delightful piece with a simple and effective chord progression to the final cadence. Although the emphasis is more often laid upon the pupil in the introduction of new material, a word might here be said on behalf of the teachers, for surely they will all welcome the refreshing sophistication of the sounds which fall upon their ears in the last of the few pieces, "Carol."

Although this is hardly within the province of a musical review, it might be suggested that the outside of a piece of music often pre-disposes a young player favourably or otherwise to the music itself—and perhaps in this case no great harm is done, although Mr. Milford's work could have stood alone, without the aid of less artistic illustrations.

TWO SOUTH AFRICAN IMPRESSIONS. By Freda Swain. Joseph Williams. 3s.

In both her pieces, Miss Swain has used what might be called "a ground treble," if such a contradiction of terms were permissible! She has made use of a fragment of melody throughout each, with harmonic decorations around and below. One feels this is a dangerous practice, although similar treatment of voice and piano—even with a single note as in Peter Cornelius' "Ein Tor"—can be successful. Employed as it is, in this instance in the thin register of the piano, the device can suggest a certain poverty of invention, and the harmony used is not always convincing. The first piece is of a "gymnastic" nature and could be reasonably successful as a technical *tour de force*, but the second piece seems to lack continuity, and we are left with the feeling that had the composer simplified her style, the listener would have felt more at ease.

PAMELA LARKIN.

THREE PIECES FOR CELLO AND PIANO. By C. Armstrong Gibbs. Augener, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.

Played in the order in which they stand, these three short, slight pieces in simple ternary form (dedicated to Eileen Croxford) would serve as an admirable last group in a recital programme designed either for young people or for those still wary of the contemporary composer. For Dr. Armstrong Gibbs is the friendliest of contemporaries, whose occasional chromaticisms but thinly disguise a fundamentally diatonic and gracefully melodic musical personality, distinguished by its refreshing naivety. "She loves me not," in simple folk-song style, has its second and third pages printed twice over in the piano part of the review copy—how came the proofs to be passed? "Nocturne" allows the cello to sing to its heart's content, and "A Laughing Tune," with its rhythmic surprises and general brio, forms a lively conclusion. The writing for both instruments is masterly in its simplicity.

J. O. C.

NEW PUPILS

NEW STUDENTS—EASTER TERM, 1951

Abbott, A. V. (Birmingham)	Lloyd, Deidre (London)
Bushby, R. (Newcastle)	Mackintosh, K. W. (Crewe)
Chamberlain, M. J. (Horley)	Mavros, Angela (Rhodesia)
Davey, Helene M. J. (London)	Mays, Sally (Australia)
Franklin, Janet M. (Oxford)	O'Hanrahan, Maureen (Eire)
Geary, R. G. (New Zealand)	Peach, L. R. (Canada)
Houston, I. McK. (Margate)	Reid-Henry, Katherine (Hove)
Isepp, M. J. E. (London)	Shaw, Elizabeth G.
Jonasson, I. (Iceland)	(Englefield Green)
Jones, Margaret E. L. (Worcester)	Stannard, D. R. (London)
Jury, Barbara (New Zealand)	Wardley, A. J. A. (Harrow)

RE-ENTRIES—EASTER TERM, 1951

(S.) Morris, G.
(A.S.) Rundle, Patricia
(M.J.) Vaughan, D.

(A.S.) Welch, Shirley
Woolford, D.

A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION

DECEMBER, 1950

The following are the names of the successful candidates:—

SECTION I. PIANOFORTE (Performing)—

Back, Jean Audrey
*Ball, Valerie Margaret
Brocklehurst, John Brian
Crowhurst, Peggy Irene
*Fennell, Jean
Haydon, Margaret Eva

Hughes, Evelyn Teece
*Jones, Valerie Yvonne
Joubert, Hendrik Johannes
*Leech, Hilary Irene
Rowlands, Peggy E. L.

SECTION II. PIANOFORTE (Teaching)—

Ashley, Marilyn
Ashton, Anne
*Calladine, Antony Gladwyn
Cantrell, Jean Dorothea
*Conran, Nicholas Denis Crawford
*Crawley, Clifford Owen
Crockford, Raymond
Doughty, Henry Frank
Fox, Thomas John
*Gilbert, Denis Alan
Gordon Stewart, Phyllis
*Hale, Joan
Jones, Barbara Margaret Ferris
Kent, Keith John
Lambert, Margaret Isabel
*Leon, Helen Priscilla

Maguire, Pauline Dorothy
Martin, Eleanor Dorothy
Martin, Kenneth Sheppy Hall
Mead, Leslie Thomas Albert
Officer, Leonard Adrian
Paul, Gladys Lily
Quigley, Patricia
Rees, Lorna Elisabeth
Scott, Alison
Shegog, Heene Margaret
Steele, Florence
Stroud, Madge Romaine
Thompson, Reginald Milton
*Watkinson, Enid
Wild, Brenda Vaux
*Woodsell, June Anne

SECTION IV. ORGAN (Performing)—

*Bickle, John Godfrey
*Birch, John Anthony
*Crisp, Patricia
*Folks, Peter William John

Harris, Dennis
*Mellor, Constance
Seacome, Michael Owen
*Staniforth, Thomas Raymond

SECTION V. STRINGED INSTRUMENTS (Performing)—

Violin—

Bentley, Nina Jean

Castle, Laurice Vivienne

Viola—

Barnard Gabriel Anne

Violoncello—

Chomé, Maryse Ingrid

Thomas, Glenna Audrey

SECTION VI. STRINGED INSTRUMENTS (Teaching)—

*Chen, Emil Yu-Sin

Denyer, Betty

Violin—

Cox, Sylvia Marjorie

*Humphris, Ian William

Viola—

Wilkins, Dorothy Rita

SECTION IX. SINGING (Performing)—

Bowen, David Richard
Clayton, Desmond Cyril

English, Gerald Alfred
Muir, Greta

SECTION XIII. SCHOOL MUSIC (Teaching)—

Barnett, Leslie Victor	Maynard, John William
Boone, Gloria Fergus	Smith, Edwin James
Burkett, Myra Joan	Sweetman, Jean Monica
Douglas, Margaret Catherine	Williams, Harry
Jenkyns, Peter Thomas Hewitt	

* *Pass in Optional Harmony*

SPECIAL CONCERT

Thursday, October 19

GOD SAVE THE KING

OVERTURE Cockaigne Elgar
ROMANCE in F major for Violin and Orchestra	Beethoven
TESSA ROBBINS, A.R.C.M. (Scholar—London)		
ARIA from <i>Prince Igor</i>	... "No rest, no peace"	... Borodin
RICHARD BOWEN (Exhibitioner—Swansea)		
CONCERTO No. 2 for Piano and Orchestra in B flat major	Brahms
LAMAR CROWSON, A.R.C.M. (California, U.S.A.)		
ARIA from <i>Rigoletto</i>	... "Caro nome"	... Verdi
JEAN WOODS, A.R.C.M. (Scholar—Derby)		
CONCERTO for Oboe and Strings	Corelli—Barbivoll
JAMES BROWN (Scholar—Grimsby)		
PRESENTATION OF COLLEGE PRIZES AND MEDALS		
BY H.R.H. THE PRESIDENT		
SHEPHERD FENNEL'S Dance	Balfour-Gardiner
(1877—1950)		

Conductor: RICHARD AUSTIN

Leader of the Orchestra: JACQUELINE BOWER, A.R.C.M.
(Associated Board Scholar)

COLLEGE CONCERTS

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20 (Recital)

JEAN WOODS, A.R.C.M. (Scholar) (Soprano)

AND

THOMAS RAJNA (Exhibitioner—Hungary) (Piano)

THREE ARIAS with Oboe obbligato	Bach
(a) Hort, ihr Augen, auf zu weigen		
(b) Seufzer, Tränen, Kummer, Not		
(c) Gerechter Gott, ach, rehnest du		
Oboe obbligato—JAMES BROWN (Scholar)		
PIANO SOLO	... Fantasy in F minor	... Chopin
FOUR SONGS	(a) Elégie	... Massenet
	(b) Le colibri	... Chausson
	(c) Dans les ruines d'une abbaye	} ... Fauré
	(d) Toujours	
PIANO SONATA in C minor, Op. 111	Beethoven
FOUR SONGS	(a) Silent noon	... Vaughan Williams
	(b) Most holy night	... David Barlow
	(c) Rest, sweet nymphs	... Warlock
	(d) Love's philosophy	... Delius
THREE MOVEMENTS for Piano from "Pétrouchka"	Stravinsky
Accompanist—ALEXANDER GIBSON, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)		

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27 (Chamber)

PIANO SOLO Toccata in D major *Bach*
JOSEPHINE BRENNELL (Scholar)

SONATA for Violin and Piano in F major, Op. 24 *Beethoven*
DONALD STURTVANT
ALEX GIBSON, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

SONATA for Clarinet and Piano *Arnold Bax*
JOHN FUEST, A.R.C.M. DOROTHY HORTON, A.R.C.M.

TWO PIANO SOLOS (a) Nocturne in B major, Op. 33, No. 2 *Fauré*
... .. (b) Toccata from "Le Tombeau de Couperin" *Ravel*
RUTH STANFIELD (Associated Board Scholar)

THREE SONGS (a) Neue Liebe } *Hugo Wolf*
... .. (b) Das verlassene Mädchen }
... .. (c) Er ist's }
AUDREY GELDARD, A.R.C.M.
Accompanist—HAROLD RICH, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

PIANO SOLO Variations on a Theme of Paganini (Book I) *Brahms*
PETER ELEMENT, A.R.C.M.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 4 (Chamber)

PIANO SOLO Variations on an original theme, Op. 21, No. 1 *Brahms*
MARGARET ANDREWS, A.R.C.M.

THREE ARIAS (a) Allelujah ("Exultate Jubilate") } *Mozart*
... .. (b) L'amor, sarò costante ("Il Re Pastore") }
... .. (c) Caro nome ("Rigoletto") } *Verdi*
EMILY MAIR, A.R.C.M.

Accompanist—HAROLD RICH, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

SUITE for Violin and Piano, "Baal Shem" *Ernest Bloch*
(a) Vidui ("Contrition")
(b) Nigun ("Improvisation")
(c) Simchas Torah ("Rejoicing")
JACQUELINE BOWER, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)
JOHN MATTHESON (New Zealand)

THREE PIANO SOLOS (a) Amberley Wild Brooks } *John Ireland*
... .. (b) The Holy Boy }
... .. (c) Merrie Andrew }
BRIDGET SAXON, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

STRING QUARTET in B flat major, Op. 67 *Brahms*
BARBARA LYLE (Associated Board Scholar)
DERYUEN LOW (Associated Board Scholar—Singapore)
MARGARET MAJOR (Scholar) FARQUHAR WILKINSON (New Zealand)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11 (Chamber)

PIANO SONATA in D major, K.576 *Mozart*
EVELYN TEECE HUGHES (Scholar)

SONATA for Piano and Cello *John Ireland*
PATRICIA CARROLL, A.R.C.M. MAUREEN LOVELL (Scholar)

PIANO Suite No. 2 *Gunnar de Frumerie*
HAROLD RICH, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

SONATA for Clarinet and Piano *Hindemith*
FREDERICK LOWE
HAROLD RICH, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

PIANO SOLO Introduction and Fugue in E flat minor, Op. 37, No. 5 *Dohnányi*
PATRICIA CARROLL, A.R.C.M.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18 (Chamber)

PIANO SOLOS: (a) Fantasy in C minor Back	
(b) Prelude and Fugue in C sharp major (Forty-Eight, Book I)	
ROY TRUBY, A.R.C.M.	
SONATA for Oboe and Piano in C major Locillet	
ADELE KARP (Scholar) EVELYN HUGHES (Scholar)	
STRING QUARTET in G major, Op. 54, No. 1 Haydn	
GILLIAN EASTWOOD, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
LAURICE CASTLE (Associated Board Scholar—New Zealand)	
MARGARET MAJOR (Scholar) MAUREEN LOVELL (Scholar)	
PIANO SOLO Chopin	
BRENDA GLENISTER, A.R.C.M.	
SONGS (a) O kühler Wald	
(b) Wie Melodien zieht es mir	
(c) Von ewiger Liebe Brahms	
BERYL HOLLY, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)	
Accompanist—EVELYN HUGHES (Scholar)	
SONATINE for Piano Ravel	
REYNELL GRISSELL	

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24 (Second Orchestra)

CONCERTO for Piano and Orchestra in F minor Chopin	
RUTH STANFIELD (Associated Board Scholar)	
CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra in G major, K.216 Mozart	
BARBARA PENNY (Scholar)	
Conductor—JOHN MATHESON (New Zealand)	
SYMPHONY No. 1 in C major Beethoven	
Conductor—GEORGE STRATTON	
Leader of the Orchestra—PETER HALL	

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 25 (Chamber)

PIANO SOLO Scherzo, Op. 4 Brahms	
KATHLEEN PILCHER, A.R.C.M.	
SONATA in F major for Cello with Piano accompaniment De Fesch	
CHRISTOPHER LEBON JACOB FRANCK	
PIANO SOLO Polonaise-Fantaisie Chopin	
GERALD WHEELER	
SONATA No. 2 for Violin and Piano Edmund Rubbra	
JACK CANNON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar) MARY LEE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
SONATA for Clarinet and Piano Saint-Saëns	
GILL HANCOCK DOROTHY HORTON, A.R.C.M.	
PIANO SOLO Scherzo in B minor, Op. 20 Chopin	
JEAN FENNELL	

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1 (Chamber)

SONATA for Violin and Piano William Walton	
ROLAND STANBRIDGE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)	
ALEX GIBSON, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)	
THREE FOLK SONGS for Baritone and Piano arr. Benjamin Britten	
(a) The Ash Grove (Welsh)	
(b) The Sally Gardens (Irish)	
(c) The Plough Boy (English)	
RICHARD BOWEN (Scholar)	
Accompanist—ALEX GIBSON, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)	
PIANO QUARTET in E flat major, Op. 87 Dvorák	
Piano	MALINEE JAYASINGHE-PERIS, A.R.C.M.
	(Associated Board Scholar—Ceylon)
Violin	ROLAND STANBRIDGE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
Viola	BERNADINE WOOD, A.R.C.M. (New Zealand)
Cello	VIVIEN COULING (Scholar)

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8 (Chamber)

- PARTITA No. 2 for Piano in C minor *Bach*
 PAMELA STICKLEY, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar—Malta)
- SONATA for Violin and Piano *Debussy*
 HUGH BEAN (Scholar) RUTH STANFIELD (Associated Board Scholar)
- TWO PIECES for Cello and Piano ... (a) Chant élégiaque *Florent Schmitt*
 (b) Papillon *Gabriel Fauré*
 VIVIEN COULING (Scholar)
 Accompanist—JOHN MATHESON (New Zealand)
- STRING QUARTET in C major, K.463 *Mozart*
 MURIEL ELSEY, A.R.C.M. ERIC SARGON (Exhibitioner—India)
 FRANK HAWKINS (Scholar) CHRISTOPHER CATCHPOLE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15 (Chamber)

- PIANO SOLO Chaconne in D minor *Bach-Busoni*
 MARIEGOLD PICKERILL, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
- TWO PIECES for two Oboes and Piano:—
 (a) Gigue and Pastorale *Telemann*
 (b) The arrival of the Queen of Sheba *Handel, arr. John Warrack*
 ADELE KARP (Scholar) JOHN WARRACK
 Accompanist—REYNELL GRISEL
- QUARTET for Flute, Guitar, Viola and Cello *Schubert*
 Flute COLIN CURD, A.R.C.M.
 Guitar JULIAN BREAM (Scholar)
 Viola JOHN UNDERWOOD (Scholar)
 Cello VIVIEN COULING (Scholar)
- FANTASY for Piano in C major (First movement) *Schumann*
 MARY E. WILSON, A.R.C.M. (Exhibitioner)
- THREE SONGS for Baritone and Piano *Baurd*
 (a) Je me suis embarqué
 (b) Le voyageur
 (c) Les berceaux
 ANTONY VERCOR (Scholar—New Zealand)
 Accompanist—JOHN MATHESON (New Zealand)
- PIANO SOLO Fantasy in F minor *Chopin*
 HILARY LEECH (Scholar)

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 17 (Choral)

- MOTET: King of Glory *Herbert Howells*
 Soprano GABRIELLE PHILLIPS
 (Associated Board Scholar (New Zealand))
 Tenor DEREK CLARE, A.R.C.M.
 Organist VAUGHAN MOON
- REQUIEM *Fauré*
 Soprano GABRIELLE PHILLIPS
 (Associated Board Scholar—New Zealand)
 Baritone ANTONY VERCOR (Scholar—New Zealand)
 Organist JOHN BIRCH
- FESTIVAL CANTATA: Rejoice in the Lamb *Benjamin Britten*
 Chorus—Rejoice in God, O ye tongues.
 Let Nimrod the mighty hunter bind a leopard to the altar.
 Hallelujah from the heart of God.
 Soprano Solo—For I will consider my cat Jeoffry.
 Alto Solo—For the mouse is a creature of great personal valour.
 Tenor Solo—For the flowers are great blessings.
 Chorus—For I am under the same accusation with my Saviour.
 Bass Solo—For He is a spirit and therefore He is God.
 Chorus—For the instruments are by their rhimes.
 Hallelujah from the heart of God.
 Soprano JEAN WOODS, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
 Alto MONA ROSS, A.R.C.M. (New Zealand)
 Tenor DUNCAN ROBERTSON (Scholar)
 Bass ANTONY VERCOR (Scholar—New Zealand)
 Organist GERALD WHEELER
 Conductor—DR. HAROLD DARKE

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22 (Chamber)

PIANO SONATA in F sharp minor, Op. 78 Beethoven
BERNARD ROBERTS (Scholar)

ARIAS ... (a) Charmant papillon *Campra, arr. Moffat*
(b) In quelle trine morbide ("Manon Lescaut") Puccini
KATHLEEN WEST, A.R.C.M.

Accompanist—HAROLD RICH, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

STRING QUARTET in E flat major, Op. 33, No. 2 Haydn
JACQUELINE BOWER, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)
KATHLEEN HEGAN (Scholar) JOHN UNDERWOOD (Scholar)
HELEN REYNOLDS, A.R.C.M.

PIANO Variations sérieuses Mendelssohn
SHEILA M. JONES, A.R.C.M.

SONGS ... (a) Blow, blow, thou winter wind Roger Quilter
(b) The fields are full Armstrong Gibbs
(c) Love's philosophy Roger Quilter
EDWARD BYLES (Scholar)
Accompanist—EVELYN HUGHES (Scholar)

PIANO SONATAS ... (a) In D major } Scarlatti
(b) In D minor }
(c) In G major }
CHRISTINE BROWN (Scholar)

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 28 (Second Orchestra)

OVERTURE ... The Merry Wives of Windsor Nicolai

CONCERTO for Piano and Orchestra Grieg
HAROLD RICH, A.R.C.M. (Associated Board Scholar)

SYMPHONY No. 104 in D major ("London") Haydn
Conductor—GEORGE STRATTON
Leader of the Orchestra—YVONNE SUTTON

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 29 (Chamber)

PIANO SONATA in C major Haydn
BRIAN TAYLOR (Scholar)

THREE ELIZABETHIAN SONGS (a) Hey nonny no! ... }
(b) I saw my lady weep ... } ... Ronald Tremain
(c) She is so gentil ... }
ROSALIND ROWLANDS (Scholar)

Accompanist—RONALD TREMAIN, A.R.C.M. (New Zealand)

PIANO ... (a) Ballade in D major, Op. 10, No. 2 ... } ... Brahms
(b) Rhapsody in E flat major, Op. 119, No. 4 }
JOHN BIGG, A.R.C.M.

VIOLIN SONATINA Martinu
STANLEY CASTLE JOY DE PLEDGE, A.R.C.M.

SONGS ... (a) Allerseelen } Strauss
(b) Morgen ... }
(c) Ständchen }
MARJORIE ROWLAND (New Zealand)

Accompanist—JOHN MATHESON (New Zealand)

STRING QUARTET in G major, Op. 64, No. 4 Haydn
HUGH BEAN (Scholar) ROLAND STANBRIDGE, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)
MARGARET MAJOR (Scholar) MAUREEN LOVELL (Scholar)

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6 (Chamber)

PIANO ... Impromptu in B flat major in the form of theme and variations ... *Schubert*
MARGARET HAYDON

ELEGIAC TRIO for Flute, Viola and Harp ... *Bax*
PETE LLOYD (Scholar) MARGARET MAJOR (Scholar)
JILL HAYWARD (Exhibitioner)

"TZIGANE" for Violin and Piano ... *Ravel*
REGIS PLANTVIN (Exhibitioner—France)
Accompanist—JOY DE PLEDGE, A.R.C.M.

SONGS ... (a) Fain would I change that note ... *Tobias Hume*
(b) A pretty, pretty ducke ... *John Bartlett*
(c) If music be the food of love ... *Henry Purcell*
PAULINE BROCKLESS (Scholar)
Accompanist—ROBERT ARNOLD

STRING QUINTET in C major, Op. 163 ... *Schubert*
Violins ... BARBARA LYLE (Associated Board Scholar)
KATHLEEN HIGAN (Scholar)
Viola ... BERNADINE WOOD, A.R.C.M. (New Zealand)
Cellos ... WILLIAM COOK
FARQUHAR WILKINSON (New Zealand)

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7 (First Orchestra)

CONCERT OVERTURE ... *Kenneth Jones*
(Student 1947-50)

This work was awarded one of the Royal Philharmonic Society's prizes for 1950

CONCERTO for Violin and Orchestra ... *Brahms*
TISSA ROBBINS, A.R.C.M. (Scholar)

SYMPHONY No. 5 in E flat major ... *Sibelius*
Conductor—RICHARD AUSTIN
Leader of the Orchestra—HUGH BEAN (Scholar)

DRAMA

A matinée performance was given by the Opera School in the Party Theatre on Friday, December 8, 1950, at 2.30 p.m.

"THEY CAME TO A CITY"

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

A play in Two Acts

Cast:

Joe Dinmore ...	DAVID WARD
Malcolm Stritton ...	ALAN THORNTON
Cudworth ...	IRVINE PORTER
Sir George Gedney ...	DAVID WATKIN JONES
Alice Foster ...	MONA ROSS
Philippa Loxfield ...	JEAN WOODS
Lady Loxfield ...	EILEEN PRICE
Dorothy Stritton ...	Act I: DOREEN LANGHORNE
	Act II: SHIRLEY AUSTIN-TURTLE
Mrs. Batley ...	JOAN HADLOW

The action takes place during one day outside a strange city.

Producer: JOYCE WODEMAN

Stage Manager: JOHN CLEAR

COUNTY COUNCIL JUNIOR EXHIBITIONERS

A concert was given by the County Council Junior Exhibitioners on Saturday, December 9, 1950, at 11.30 a.m. Piano solos were played by Susan Turner, Martin Sarner, Anne Follett, Dorothy Anderson, Gillian Ruggles, Jean Edwards, Dvora Michelson, Angela Lawton, Daphne Mihill, Patricia Hocking and Christine Denby; violin solos by Bernard Seagrove, Brian Smith and Norma Jones; a cello solo by Howell Jones and a flute solo by Ian Andrews (accompanist: Valerie Alvey). A sonata for two violins and piano was played by Samuel Lewis, Bernard Seagrove and Charles Nunn, and a sonata for two violins by Shirley Sangwine and William Sangwine. The Senior Orchestra, conducted by Freda Dinn, played Corelli's Sonata da Camera in C.

DATES, 1951

SPRING TERM	January 1 to March 17
SUMMER TERM	April 16 to July 14
AUTUMN TERM	September 17 to December 8

PROVISIONAL CONCERT FIXTURES

EASTER TERM, 1951

It is hoped to keep to the following scheme, although it may be necessary to alter or cancel any Concert *even without notice*.

First Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 3, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

Second Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 10, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

Third Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 17, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

THURSDAY, JAN. 18, at 2 p.m.
Concerto Trials

Fourth Week

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 24, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

Fifth Week

TUESDAY, JAN. 30, at 5.30 p.m.
Second Orchestra

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 31, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

FRIDAY, FEB. 2, at 2.30 p.m.
Drama

Sixth Week

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 7, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

* THURSDAY, FEB. 8, at 5.30 p.m.
First Orchestra

Seventh Week

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 14, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

Eighth Week

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 21, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

FRIDAY, FEB. 23, at 5.30 p.m.
Drama

Ninth Week

WEDNESDAY, FEB. 28, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

FRIDAY, MAR. 2, at 5.30 p.m.
Choral Concert

Tenth Week

TUESDAY, MAR. 6, at 5.30 p.m.
Second Orchestra

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 7, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

FRIDAY, MAR. 9, at 5.30 p.m.
Opera

Eleventh Week

WEDNESDAY, MAR. 14, at 5.30 p.m.
Chamber Concert

* THURSDAY, MAR. 15, at 5.30 p.m.
First Orchestra

Admission is free to all performances, but tickets will be required for the dates marked *.

H. V. ANSON, *Registrar*.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC UNION

FOUNDED 1906

President: SIR GEORGE DYSON.

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The Subscription for present pupils of the College is 7s. 6d. per annum. All past pupils and others pay 10s. 6d. per annum, except Members residing outside the British Isles, who pay 5s. The financial year commences on September 1st.

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The R.C.M. Magazine (issued once a term) and the List of Members' Names and Addresses issued periodically) are included in the annual subscription to the Union.

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THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

FOUNDED 1904

A Journal for past and present students and friends of the Royal College of Music and official organ of the R.C.M. Union.

"The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life."

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